

Richard Hartmann
Wachrentrup No. 123
Post Helpup i.Lippe

Wachrentrup, 10.7.48

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To

General Robertson

Subject: Petition for mercy on behalf of Ruth Closius.

I, Richard Hartmann, born 23.4.1890, 50 per cent incapacitated in the 1914-18 war, refugee from the East, am the father of Ruth Closius who was recently sentenced to death at Hamburg and is at present an inmate of the women's prison at Hamburg-Fuhlsbuettel.

My daughter was born on 5.7.1920 as a seven-months baby and grew up in modest circumstances together with her two sisters in a Social Democrat family. She attended elementary school, which owing to her backwardness she did not finish successfully.

Neither myself nor my daughters were ever members of an organisation of the Nazi party, for I felt quite capable of bringing up my children myself.

As my daughter could not take up a job at once, not having the school leaving certificate owing to her many illnesses (cerebral spasms), she went into domestic service to look after the children of some Jewish friends of ours by the name of Baase. She had to give up this job later, as the government issued an order forbidding Germans to be employed by Jews. She then went with one of her sisters to work as a commercial employee with a textile store, until she was called up, towards the middle of 1944, for service in Wehrmacht communication, as she came under the category of childless women. We did not hear from her for a long time and did not know where the women had been taken to. Finally a letter from her arrived and we learnt to our surprise that the helpless girl had been taken to a concentration camp where she was being trained against her wish to be a supervisor. At first she worked in an office and at the clothing store, and later she was forced to take up the job of supervisor for which she had been selected. This shows how very naive girls were treated. In her letters she always complained that she would like to leave because that sort of life was unbearable for her. Her request for a transfer was turned down by the Camp Commander. She became melancholy,

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